

The Critic

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A Weekly Review of Literature and the

NEW YORK 12 FEBRUARY 1898

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The paper on Dr. Mitchell will appear on February 19.

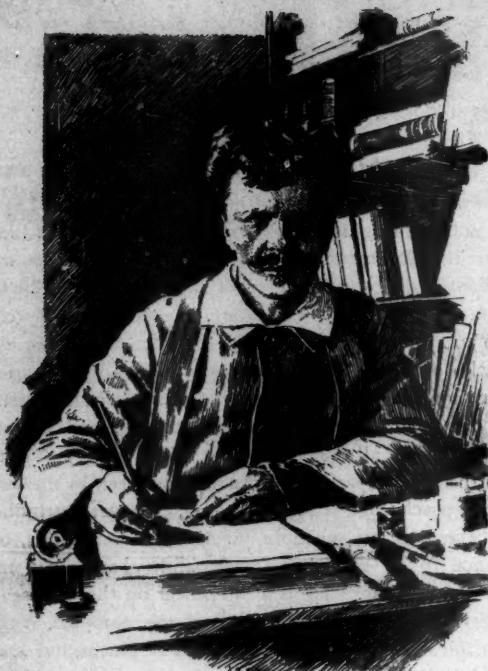
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August Strindberg

IF ONE WERE to imagine Dean Swift's Surgeon of Laputa, in the act of filling up a cranium with a choice lot of brains, and see him deposit there an unusual amount of the many ingredients that go to fill it, chief of which would be perception, logic, language and fancy, it would probably cause one to compare the result to the legerdemain of the magician, who astonishes his spectators by taking whole carloads of every conceivable thing out of one ordinary-sized gentleman's hat. To external measurements the skull is but of usual size, while all the bewildering brilliant array of gifts to call forth this comparison is actually possessed by the many-faceted psychological phenomenon, August Strindberg. Strindberg, with his multiple talents and tendencies, owes allegiance to no school, no cult, and what seems more strange, to no time. He is a buccaneer on the high seas of thought, and steers to every point of the compass, making port in the strangest, most out-of-the-way places, but always most skilfully. Of all his more than score of published works—dramas, novels and histories—no two aim in the same direction; in fact, the author seems, if not to have changed from the time of his last work, to be in quest of a new one. This is entirely consistent with his own theory, as expressed in the preface to his weirdly realistic tragedy, "Julie," in which he says that the man who has become fixed in his opinion, so as to have strongly marked tendencies, and to have become a well-defined character, has in reality ceased to grow, and is no longer capable of receiving new lights and impressions—is, in fact, hide-bound, as it were.

August Strindberg was born 22 Jan. 1849, near Stockholm. That his family was in very moderate circumstances may be gathered from the fact that while he was at the Upsala University his studies were interrupted for lack of funds. This was in the Spring of 1872, when Strindberg went to Stockholm to write criticisms and sketches, doing several kinds of literary work for newspapers and other periodicals. It was at this time that he published his "Master Olof," a forceful drama of the Swedish reformation period. This production of his youth, which received but scant recognition at the time, is now being performed with great success at the Vasa Theatre, Stockholm. The critics find it revolutionary, and not free from anachorisms, but interesting to such a degree that they break forth in lamentations over their former neglect of the author, saying, "Had we but shown more consideration in the past and understood how to attract him, instead of repulsing, our literature would have derived still greater benefits from his great talents, and his own career might have been different." In speaking of his former struggles, and especially in connection with "Master Olof," he once said, "Five of my best years struck out of my life."

Having been connected with several publications in Sweden and Denmark, he secured a place as an amanuensis at the Royal Library of Stockholm. There he had the



AUGUST STRINDBERG *

opportunity to devote himself to art, history and particularly to the study of Chinese and the literature of China. As a result of these observations, he wrote some contradictions of popular and accepted errors, tearing holes in the wall of prejudice the westerners had built, while he gave a view over the Chinese wall of conservatism into things Chinese as they are. But the spirit of unrest was upon him, so as to cause him to spend most of his time abroad. Some years ago, by way of diversion it seems, this kaleidoscopic genius gave an exhibition of his paintings at Stockholm. But in order to make a cross-cut over his brilliant career, one has to mention some of his books, for it is as a literary man that Strindberg stands forth in the strongest light. His first work was "The Freethinker," anonymously published in 1868, a youthful but realistic effort. This was followed by "Hermione," a tragedy in blank-verse, conspicuous for fine declamatory effect. In the autumn of 1870 came "A Dramatic Situation in Rome," wherein an episode in the youth of the sculptor Thorwaldsen is portrayed. This was performed at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm. "The Outlawed," a one-act drama, followed. In it the struggle of the old Norse paganism against Christianity is the theme, with the Icelandic sagas for the source. "Master Olof," "The Red Room," "The Servant-Girl's Son," "The People of Hemso," "Fishermen," "The Seashore," "Swedish Tales and Adventures," "Utopia in Reality," "Lucky Per's Journey," a spectacular drama, but rich in both poetry and satire; "The Father," a tragedy of the most realistic kind, performed at the Théâtre Libre, Paris; "Julie," a grawsome tragedy, but, as the author says, in answer to his critics, no one wants a merry tragedy; "Published and Unpublished," "Alike and Unlike," "History of the French Revolution," written in French; "History of the Swedish People,"

*From a drawing by Victor Andrén, in *My Illustrated Tidning*, Stockholm.

"Sleep-Walking Nights," "Inferno," "Tschandala," and "The Confession of a Maniac," written in German. All these have made their appearance at non-stated intervals since the Upsala days.

The publication of "Marriage" brought about one of the stormiest incidents in Strindberg's life, inasmuch as he was arrested for being the author of an indecent and irreligious work. At the subsequent trial he appeared in his own defense, his logic and eloquence securing him an acquittal and full vindication. The case was a notable one, and excitement ran high in Stockholm. To such a pitch was the enthusiasm wrought, that at the termination of the proceedings a crowd of students bore the victor in triumph on their shoulders to a banqueting hall, where there was great jubilation.

"The Impressions of a Maniac"—one of his latest works—is severely criticized in Sweden, where the author's countrymen condemn the realistic reminiscences of marriage therein contained. But in this Strindberg is only reckoning up old scores against his arch-enemy and bugbear, Woman, and when it is a married woman, his ire is doubly intense. In the wonderfully clever sketches that make up his book entitled "Marriage," the burden of the theme is to show up woman's shortcomings and general inferiority to man. This book was written with the special purpose of contradicting Ibsen's theories as brought out in "A Doll House." With Strindberg, woman in her desire for development is prepared to use her increase of power in an underhand way, so as to entrap the nobler masculine instinct. Delilah seems to be the most characteristic type of the sex to him, while the noble male is the unsuspecting Samson.

In the tragedy of "The Father," where he lets the wife goad her husband to madness, by arousing dread suspicions in his mind, this is most strongly brought to view. Strindberg's countrymen regretfully contend that his early trials and want of recognition have caused him to become the misogynist he is. Be this as it may, the powerful influence of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, especially the latter, is markedly manifest in his theories. Strindberg repudiates civilization, and claims that instead of proving beneficial to man, it is and will be a detriment, inasmuch as it serves to estrange man from nature. The more civilized, the more artificial and the less natural, he claims. He doubts the benefits of science, and denies the good of mechanical devices. Modern literature he values but lightly, and orthodox religion he has found worse than useless. In short, he refuses to travel on the beaten track of experience or follow the smooth road of accepted opinion. No, he must needs leave these popular thoroughfares and betake himself to the virgin forest, there to hew out his own road, and in self-imposed isolation endeavor to solve the great riddles in regard to life.

Strindberg was very pious in his youth, but when seeking the bread of life he found what seemed to him the stone of orthodoxy, and accordingly turned to Pantheism. In his very numerous vocations he has been successful, his erudition on all points being remarkable. One of his earliest undertakings was to fit himself to become an actor. He abandoned histrionic triumphs for those of the journalist, the dramatist, the novelist, the artist, and the chemist, repeat-



PROGRAM OF "LE PÈRE" *

ively. Of late years he has devoted a great deal of time to chemical research, and a few years ago he met with a serious accident by burning his hands during one of his experiments. It was then that he became so despondent that he applied to the Swedish government for the position of lighthouse-keeper. This post yielded but \$200 a year, but it was far from the bustle, of a busy, artificial world, a world of which Strindberg was tired and had determined to turn his back upon and break with. That he did the reverse may be gathered from the fact that he continues to spend most of his time in Paris.

Twice has Strindberg entered wedlock, but his Delilahs have shorn his locks, as might be expected, for twice he has been divorced. But now, in spite of his rancor and his experience, it is reported that he has consigned his very soul to a woman, just to show that he is not too fixed in his opinions, that he is not hidebound. He has become an ardent Catholic, and spends most of his time on his knees saying Aves to the Virgin.

FRIDA STEPHENSON SHARPE.

Literature

"American Contributions to Civilization"

By Charles William Eliot. The Century Co.

IT IS NOT EASY to determine what gives to the criticism of life contained in President Eliot's volume its unmistakable stamp of originality and power. Of course, there are certain obvious characteristics that suggest partial explanations. The poise and commanding terseness of the style are impressive. The indomitable concreteness of the treatment, the inveterate closeness to life, the undeniable solidity of the generalizations, are also continually noteworthy. The observation is wide-ranging, and the analysis keen and strikingly original in its detection of new causes back of familiar facts. But not all these characteristics, unusual as they are in books dealing with "American institutions," can quite account for the stimulating quality of these essays. Perhaps, what gives them their special individuality and

power may best be described as their union of the spirit of the man of science with the interests and purposes of the moralist, and also with something of the enthusiasm of the idealist.

President Eliot's mind is in its tissues and instincts radically scientific, and his interpretation of American civilization is everywhere determined by his scientific habits of thought. He avoids, to be sure, technical terms and speaks the speech of the inexpert; and yet he works continually through the implicit help of biological law, and really reasons and criticises with such concepts ever in mind as those of heredity, natural selection, the survival of the fittest, the struggle for existence. His formula for civilization, "infinite differentiation under liberty," suggests the great final formula of evolution, while at the same time it recalls Mill's pre-evolutionary theorizing in "Liberty," which we have always suspected of being a powerful influence in President Eliot's early intellectual life. Family stocks, inherited aptitudes, sports, the continuity of nature—these and similar words and phrases, through their occasional presence, suggest President Eliot's instinctive desire to analyze civilization in terms of modern scientific thought, and make obvious his fundamental loyalty to the latest results of the scientific study of social phenomena.

Yet none the less marked and decisive is his humanistic preoccupation with morals—with all that pertains to character. He does not rest content with a mere scientific explanation of things as they are; with tracing out, as a mere abstract demonstration of political ethics, the play of forces in the social organism. The purpose that prompts his analysis is a vital, moral purpose; he is bent on finding out what kind of men this new social system of ours is likely to train; how these men are likely to compare with men of earlier civilizations; how such essential virtues as purity, honor and courage are likely to fare as democratic modes of life make themselves more and more operative and subdue more and more completely to their spirit the individual and the family. It is in answer to these questions that some of his most suggestive comments on American life are made. For example, he points out the value of corporation service in developing widely the virtues of loyalty and fidelity; he illustrates the educating and stimulating effect of universal manhood suffrage on men of wealth and position, through the necessity it imposes upon them of excelling intellectually and morally as well as socially; he shows how the increasingly minute division of labor makes all classes of men more and more mutually dependent and thus fosters sympathy and a sense of brotherhood. Many other groups of facts he subjects to his analysis so as to exhibit the effects upon character of the social, political or religious routine of American life. This absorbing interest in moral phenomena prevails throughout all his essays.

But there is a third element to be noted in his temper and in the treatment of his subjects—a deep, steady, passionate devotion to ideal ends. The old Puritanic virus is in President Eliot's veins; it has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, and yet its presence and its origin are unmistakable. This idealistic fervor shows itself in the restrained eloquence of his memorial tributes to such men as Martin Brimmer and Asa Gray. It makes itself felt, in the midst of a somewhat severe appreciation of the Puritan ideal, through a few almost impassioned sentences eulogizing Puritan heroism. Whenever the talk turns toward science or the worth of the methods of science, or the qualities of the scientific mind, his spirit burns within him; often, too, in speaking of patriotic themes, or of the growth of religious ideals, he betrays this same inner fire of deep feeling. It flashes out for a moment even in the discussion of so prosaically worded a topic as "Family Stocks in a Democracy," in such passages as the following:

"What . . . is the prime object of teaching a child to read? Is it that he may be able to read a way bill, a promissory

*Reduced from *The International Studio*, June 1897.

note, or an invoice? Is it that he may be better able to earn his living? No! These are merely incidental and comparatively insignificant advantages. The prime object is to expand his intelligence, to enrich his imagination, to introduce him to all the best human types both of the past and of the present, to give him the key to all knowledge, to fill him with wonder and awe, and to inspire him with hope and love. Nothing less than this is the object of learning to read; nothing better or more vital than this is the object of the most prolonged and elaborate education."

In all such passages as these, the expression is reticent and the phrasing completely controlled; but the quality of the feeling is unmistakable.

These, then, are some of the interests and characteristics that prevail in President Eliot's essays. But, although his interest is so largely that of the moralist and the educator, it must not be supposed that he keeps to the technical subjects of ethics or of education. His most noteworthy essays deal with the broad aspects of national life, with the most distinctive and significant features of our new democratic civilization. As the title of his book indicates, he is bent on summing up just what this new democratic civilization stands for and on forecasting its prospects. What novel modes of life, he asks, has America wrought out? What new ideas or beliefs or fashions of feeling and acting, has democracy fostered? And how far may we find in these novel developments satisfaction and strength for the present and promise for the future? One or two of the summaries that close his essays will most briefly suggest the scope and character of his answers to these questions. In his opening essay he points out five contributions that America has made to civilization: these are "peace-keeping, religious toleration, the development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of newcomers, and the diffusion of well-being." Of these developments he says:—"I hold [them] to have been eminently characteristic of our country, and so important, that, in spite of the qualifications and deductions which every candid citizen would admit with regard to every one of them, they will ever be held in the grateful remembrance of mankind." In his second essay, after forecasting the future of the republic, basing his belief in the stability of our government on the presence and operation of certain forces and principles which he finds actuating American life, he concludes as follows:—"These, then, are some of the new principles and forces which make for the permanence of the republic: toleration in religion; general education; better domestic relations; attention to the means of public health and pleasure; publicity; corporation service; increased mutual dependence of man on man, and therewith a growing sense of brotherhood and unity; the greater hopefulness and cheerfulness of men's outlook on man, the earth, the universe, and God; and, finally, the changing objects and methods of religion and its institutions. It is the working of these principles and forces, often unrecognized, which has carried the republic safely through many moral difficulties and dangers during the past thirty years. These things, and not its size and wealth, make us love our country."

The patriotism that informs these passages can hardly escape notice; it pervades President Eliot's entire volume. He regards a "steady growing" patriotism and a certain frank confidence in the future as normal American moods, justifiable "on reasonable grounds." "Hope and expectation of good," he affirms, "spring in our hearts, as never before in the hearts of former generations." In all his discussions, he is resolutely optimistic, content with what the nation has thus far wrought, sure of its integrity of character and of its vigor and vitality, convinced of its ability to deal sensibly and competently with all possible difficulties. At times, indeed, his optimism seems almost exasperating; there is in all that he writes the fatalistic confidence of sound nerves and good health, and his robust good cheer may jar on the dilettante or the dreamer much as the ostentatious self-content of the well man jars on the nerves of the invalid.

And yet not the most grudging admirer of American life can call President Eliot's optimism cheap, or discover in it the swagger of "Triumphant Democracy." There are always "reasonable grounds" for his patriotism, and his statement of these grounds has invariably academic reserve and strength.

President Eliot's style must be admitted to have the beauty that comes from severity, terseness, and perfect precision of phrase. It is at its best in measured and suave exposition, or where a certain academic dignity and condensed fulness of thought can find utterance. Every word is weighted, and is poised in its place. Several of his inscriptions for public buildings and monuments are placed at the end of this volume. In these, English words are made to take on the gravity, sonorosity, and ritualistic suggestiveness of Latin, and seem worthy to be carved on brass and on stone. And, indeed, the amateur of phrases finds in President Eliot's essays many collocations of words which are memorable for sheer technical finish and beauty. "Science is always face to face with God"; "unrepenting nature"; the "receptive, fore-reaching mind" of the man of science; the "passing shadows, gusty griefs, and brief despairs" of youth; "it is the greatest of human rewards to be thus enfolded, as years advance, in an atmosphere of honor, gratitude, and love"; "wherever and whenever resolute men and women devote their lives and fortunes not to material but to spiritual ends, there and then heroes are made, and, thank God, are made to be remembered." Many other such passages could be quoted, but these are enough to illustrate President Eliot's control over the word and the sentence.

Some of them illustrate, too, a swift play of imagination that now and then gives a special moment of delight to the reader of his expositions and arguments; such, for instance, as we live "on a little islet of sense and fact." This visualization of science in the midst of the sea of pre-science might be matched with many other imaginative glimpses of man and nature and life. But these the reader must note for himself, if he be an amateur of style; in the course of his study of President Eliot's "grave and reverend" matter.

"Ballads of Lost Haven"

By Bliss Carman. A Book of the Sea. \$1. Lamson, Wolfe & Co.

MR. BLISS CARMAN'S "Ballads of Lost Haven" is by far the best book he has written, and it deserves a hearty welcome from all those who are fond of ballads wherein are interwoven imagination, romance and the haunting music of the sea. That Mr. Carman has special qualifications for a poet of the sea is readily inferred from the opening poem in this volume,—a poem, by the way, which is more closely knit and simple than is its author's general habit to write. In it he tells us:—

"I was born for deep-sea faring;
I was bred to put to sea;
Stories of my father's daring
Filled me at my mother's knee."

I was sired among the surges;
I was cubbed beside the foam;
All my heart is in its verges,
And the sea wind is my home."

All my boyhood, from far vernal
Bourns of being, came to me
Dream-like, plangent, and eternal
Memories of the plunging sea."

Reading the poems which follow this autobiographical preface one is compelled to take him at his word, for the sea sings with him ever, and its mystery and splendor find sympathetic interpretation in his songs. We have already said in these columns that when Mr. Carman should collect his ballads into a book it would be a notable collection of verse.

The fifteen poems in the volume before us are conclusive evidence that we prophesied aright. One will have to search a long time in American poetry to find a finer ballad than "The Yule Guest" or "The Kelpie Riders." Of "Arnold, Master of the Scud" we have a rival in Aldrich's "Alec Yeaton's Son," and both are charming. Mr. Carman's treatment of the old legend of Dahut, the daughter of King Grallon of Ys, seems a little inadequate; the story is one which lends itself readily to poetical treatment and we should have thought Mr. Carman could make rather more of it. The volume closes with two thoroughly good pieces, "The Last Watch" and "Outward Bound."

Of our younger poets Mr. Carman stands in the foremost rank. He has that prime qualification of a poet—imagination; and the natural turn of his thoughts is to the deeper questions of life and love and death—all of them elemental. Let him once conquer his tendency to obscurity and artificiality of phrase (he goes a long way toward doing so in these Ballads) and his place in American poetry will be assured. He is a genuine poet.

"Sir Walter Raleigh"

By M. A. S. Hume. With Maps and Frontispiece. Longmans, Green & Co.

AMONG all the gay and gallant figures of the gay and glorious reign of Elizabeth there is not one more striking than the forceful figure of Raleigh, courtier, navigator, explorer, poet, historian, statesman. Among the "Builders of Greater Britain" he was one of the boldest, who stands on the high level of Lord Clive in India, John Cabot and his sons in North America, Maitland in the Mediterranean and Wakefield and Philip in the South Seas: a great and noble company of navigator-explorers, rivalled in our days only by Rajah Brooke and him of Rhodesia. "Stay us in this felicity," prayed Milton ages ago, thanking God for "building up this Britannick Empire to a glorious and enviable hight." Sir Walter was truly one of the elect for this mighty purpose, for Mr. Hume justly holds that he laid the foundation-stone of the stately fabric of Colonial Empire, which in our day embraces nearly one-third of the civilized world. "The prescient genius of Sir Walter Raleigh first conceived the project of a Greater England across the sea. . . . Others before him had dreamed of Northwest passages to tap the trade of the teeming East; of gold, and gems, and sudden riches, to be grasped in far-off lands; but to Raleigh and his brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, belongs the more enduring honor of a nobler ideal—the planting in savage lands of English-speaking nations, ruled by English laws, enjoying English liberties, and united by links of kinship and allegiance to the English crown."

It is this thought of Raleigh's supreme importance as the pioneer builder-up of England's vast colonial possessions that makes Mr. H. F. Wilson, editor-in-chief of the series, put Raleigh at the head of his excellently conceived biographies, having as their almost epic theme the founders of Greater Britain. From cradle to Tower, from Ireland to Spain, voyage after voyage, the wonderfully picturesque career of the Devon boy is traced: the splendid favorite, the philosopher, the chemist, the admiral, the soldier, the privateer, the man whose "inextinguishable resolve it was that the arrogant claim of the Philips to the exclusive possession of the western world, by virtue of a Pope's bull, should be resisted to the death, and that in order to make this resistance effective England must be supreme upon the sea." Then began that "Sea Power," so eloquently described by Capt. Mahan, to pass from the all-powerful hand of Spain into that of England, where it has ever since remained. Sir Walter had the Shakespearian versatility of his age: the in-consequence, the love of glory, the arrogance, the strong and weak nature combined by some incredible soldier, as we see it in Bacon, and in "the Empress of the Bretanes," Elizabeth herself. His nature resembled a shovelful of earth taken at

random from a Peruvian mine: gleams of gold, lumps of dirt, precious ore and worthless smudge, mingled indiscriminately in a moral and intellectual complex where moral cowardice combated with wondrous physical courage, insolence fought with abject self-humiliation, unprincipled greed and boundless generosity went hand in hand, and the noblest written work was outdone by the evilest conduct. Raleigh won North America for the Queen and—lost his own soul. He voyaged endlessly with his half-brother Gilbert and his famous cousin Grenville, and lost his head by the headsman's axe. He loved the light and lived in the darkness of a prison. The beautiful poetry that he wrote fell from him as carelessly as the sparkles from a phosphorescent sea: he cared nothing for it. His brain and his hand were continually at daggers drawn. And yet he was a singularly human creature who protected Spenser, loved his wife, wrote a famous "Historie of the World" when he could no longer make history, and perished bravely on the scaffold.

"Korea and Her Neighbors"

By Isabella Bird Bishop. Fleming H. Revell Co.

THERE IS ALREADY a score of books on Korea, written by those who have seen it either from Seoul or the saddle. Yet it is astonishing how little one can learn from most of them about the people and the country. Hamel and Dallet still stand out like pyramids on a plain. Only one or two authors have essayed history. All, of every time, clime and nation, are agreed as to the Korean's good appetite, and modern observers are at one in their accounts of the wretchedness of the government and the unnecessary poverty of the country. Its natural resources are great, but there is little encouragement for the people to develop them. The curse of hermit nations is that authority, power and wealth get into the hands of a small, privileged minority. Korea is the country of a perfect alphabet; she had printing by movable types centuries before Europe; and her art, literature and taste once made her the teacher of her more famous pupil, Japan. She has suffered from her unfortunate situation, having the barbarous nomads on the north, and the ever jealous and hostile nations, the Chinese and Japanese, on either side of her. Morally, she has retrograded because of changes in religion, caused not by thought, or reform, or aspirations, but by political violence. The mass of the people are sunk in the superstitions of demonism. Buddhism, once the dominant faith, was outlawed at the founding of the present dynasty in 1392 and holds its own, visibly, only in the mountain monasteries, and in a very gross and degraded form among the people. Confucianism, of an especially Korean phase, is the cult practiced by the official class, which monopolizes most of the education in the peninsula, where "education" means preparing one's self for government employment.

Korea long illustrated the proverb that the unknown is magnificent, for reports of her gold and treasures, metallic, artistic and literary, were vast and illimitable, until barriers were broken down and the daylight of observation streamed upon the long forbidden land. Mrs. Bishop, who visited the country four times between January 1894 and March 1897, tells us that she first looked upon the Koreans as she once did upon the Japanese, as a very degenerate race. She afterwards came to think very highly of the cotton-clad peninsula. Though driven away by war, she came back and steamed around the country, stopping at the three seaports, where the cleanliness of the Japanese in person, house and settlement made striking contrast with the filthiness of the Korean and his surroundings. She also penetrated by land journeys from one side of the peninsula to the other, and up into the north, using both the native boats and the diminutive pony of the country. Then her journeys took her into maritime Siberia, into Manchuria, to Peking, and into western China. We all know her practiced pen and signal abilities, her amazing courage and her fine art in the making of books,

so that one opens with anticipatory pleasure the comely volume in which she pictures the Korean people and country.

We imagine few readers will be disappointed in reading of her adventures, her comments upon them, and her lively but carefully-worded descriptions. She tells of the women and domestic life, of the monasteries, of the behavior of boatmen, pack-horse drivers, and government officers. She leaves the impression, however, which is the correct one, that traveling in Korea, amid the splendid scenery and in the glorious winter weather, is one thing, while living in the close, over-heated, cockroach-and-flea-infested sleeping-rooms in the inns, and the terrific discomforts of travel generally, are quite another. Nothing but courage, physical strength and an insatiable desire for knowledge will prompt travelers to penetrate into the country. Visits to the seaports of the capital, by means of steamers and the new American-built railway from Chemulpo to Seoul, are pleasant enough. Mrs. Bishop vividly pictures the arrival of the Japanese army in 1894 and the great battlefield of Ping-Yang, after a crop or two of grain had effaced many of its scars. She gives us to understand that, through the work of the missionaries and the presence and energy of capable foreigners, there is hope for the country, and that commerce is awakening the interior from its lethargy. Her picture of the decay of Japanese prestige, and of the wonderful growth of Vladivostok and the increase of Russian power in Korea, and her satisfactory way of telling us the very things we wish to know about things Korean, are just what we might expect from so well equipped a traveler and recorder.

"Barbara Blomberg"

A Historical Romance. By George Ebers. Translated by Mary J. Safford. D. Appleton & Co.

IF GENIUS had been added to laborious talent in the make-up of George Ebers, this would have been a great novel. It has the idea, the framework, all the purely intellectual part of fiction. But the informing life is not here. Of the persons, only Barbara herself is really a character; even Charles V, who comes next, is as a man seen in a mist. In reading the story, one feels, too often, as if one were watching the reflections in a mirror.

The action is, of course, historic. The heroine is that Ratisbon maiden who is reputed to have been mother to Don John of Austria. In this novel she is depicted as an arrogant beauty who gains the Emperor's favor by her peerless singing. She becomes his mistress, but he soon wearies of her, casts her aside with extreme harshness and compels her to separate from her infant son. She marries afterward, but the fate of the imperial child is now her sole passion, drying up all other affection. Her life is chronicled, through long years of unhappiness, past her restoration to her child, when he has become the famous Don John, to her death. The opportunities of the book are in the character study of Barbara and the Emperor. The evolution of Barbara deserves praise. It is impeded by the great length of the book, choked as it is with unnecessary description, mere historic scene-shifting; but the subtle forces in her later situation, the vicarious ambition for the son who does not know her, its mixed effect upon her character—these are clearly if loosely portrayed. But as to Charles, whether he was an ordinary knave, or a sensuous sentimental, or an honest man deprived by power, one cannot say. To those who know how to read Ebers, skipping a good half, the book will be interesting.

"Pictures from the Life of Nelson"

By W. Clark Russell. Dodd, Mead & Co.

THESE PAPERS originally appeared in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, the author having previously written a "Life of Nelson." Mr. Clark Russell is familiar to most of us as a writer of stirring stories of adventure by sea, and apparently he loves the beautiful old obsolete sailing vessels best, for he speaks mourn-

fully of the changes steam has made in both branches of the Navy:

"It is sad to reflect that Nelson's tactics, which gave us our maritime supremacy, should be of no use to us. They sank out of sight, paralyzed by the stroke of the propeller. . . . Every wind is a fair wind for the steamer. But old sea officers and naval schoolmasters cannot submit to be told that the change is absolute. They cling with pathetic affection to the obsolete methods; for them the winds continue to howl in the shrouds. If they say it was a bad day for England when the ironclad was introduced, and when the old wooden battle-ship was sent to the knackers, most thoughtful people will agree with them. The ironclad is not likely to produce the splendid set of sailors who were at sea in Nelson's day. How can you make sailors out of ships in which there is no work for a sailor to do?"

And at the end of the book there is a chapter entitled "A Plea for Poor Jack," the British tar, who, according to Mr. Russell, is threatened with speedy extinction.

The author says that it is impossible to give freshness to such a worn canvas as the life of Nelson, and speaks of Southeby's "Life" as, in his opinion, the most sure of lasting. Now Southeby's "Life" will probably be always read for its literary qualities, but surely Capt. Mahan has given us a biography of Nelson that must endure as long as the great naval hero lives in the hearts of his countrymen. And it will be admitted that the wear and tear in the canvas, of which Mr. Russell complains, are not visible in the brilliant picture that has been painted on it by the distinguished American. Mr. Russell gives a scene from Lieut. Parsons's "Nelsonian Reminiscences," and says: "Capt. Mahan has also, I observe, quoted in full this description without, however, referring to his authority." If Mr. Russell had extended his observations to the bottom of the page on which this description ends, in Capt. Mahan's book, he would have seen Lieut. Parsons's name given in a footnote. About Lady Nelson, Mr. Russell says:—"I am bound to say that the justification of this good, virtuous, affectionate lady is directly invited by Capt. Mahan's remarks about the Nelson family clinging to Lady Hamilton, and their coldness to Lady Nelson." Capt. Mahan does say all this, but he also does Lady Nelson full justice, speaking of her great sweetness of temper and patience, and condemning Nelson's conduct toward her. Mr. Russell has not succeeded in drawing a very vivid portrait of his hero. He has not the "Nelson touch." True, these are only "pictures" from the life of Nelson, but we wish there had been fewer pictures and more life. However, this book will probably be appreciated by many to whom Southeby and Capt. Mahan would be caviare. The chapter entitled "Poor Jack" is one of the best in the book, and we should like to see Mr. Russell do more of the same work for the British tar.

Parables for the Young

IN "PARABLES for School and Home" Mr. Wendell P. Garrison has endeavored to provide a kind of modern and modified Parents' Assistant. In the shape of tales, which are intended to be read to the pupils and then re-written by them, he presents a series of lessons in applied morals undoubtedly needed by the rising generation, which is in difficult straits between the refusal of the state to bestow religious education and the growing disposition of parents to leave instruction in everything but table-manners to paid teachers, who are over-worked long before they come to the spiritual side of their task. The rising generation is a great deal more talked about and less cared for in such matters than its predecessors, and such a book as Mr. Garrison's, which inculcates good old-fashioned lessons of consideration, prudence, patriotism and such-like other things as used to be thought worth while, may well make a place for itself with such instructors as believe that information upon the elements of the art of living is necessary to the growing human being. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

Miss White's "Browning Courtship"

"A BROWNING COURTSHIP," by Eliza Orne White, has been widely read and appreciated among short stories because it touches light-heartedly and with certainty upon one of human nature's commonest foibles. A great many people hate to admit they have no taste for the things their friends make tests of cultivation, and Wagner and Browning are possibly responsible for more white lies than any other two among artists. The amusing experiences of the young pair who affected a devotion to the poet which neither felt, because each believed the other felt it, have

universality about them, and "The Queen of Clubs" possesses the same quality in an even greater degree. This story of a young woman whose lover could find no opportunity to declare himself because of the number of her clubs and her absorption in them, is not by any means a caricature upon the life of the modern club-girl. Happily for Eleanor, the man is hurt by a trolley-car and finds his chance when she calls at the hospital instead of going to the Saturday Morning Club.

The other stories in the volume are pleasantly written but colorless tales of a kind of New England life, which can hardly be as pale as it is represented. Miss White does not choose to go far below the surface in the lives of her characters, and the reader is consequently interested in them to about the same extent that he would be in a well-mannered but uncommunicative chance acquaintance. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Poetry and Verse

"*Hymns that have Helped*" is a "collection of hymns that have been found most useful to the children of men," edited, with the assistance of many helpers, including not a few of eminence, by Mr. W. T. Stead. They are prefaced with historical sketches, select comments and criticisms, etc. The leading national hymns are given, not only in translations, but also in the original languages German, French, Italian, etc.; together with specimens of the fine old Latin hymns, like the "Veni Creator Spiritus," the "Adeste Fideles," the "Stabat Mater," the "Dies Irae," etc. The appendix prints the list of a "best hundred hymns" compiled from the votes of some 3500 people in 1887, in response to the invitation of *The Sunday at Home*. The "Rock of Ages" heads the list with 3215 votes. Three others received over 3000 votes—"Abide with Me," "Jesu, Lover of My Soul," and "Just as I Am." Another list gives the hymns that, according to the testimony of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, prominent English statesmen, clergymen, authors and other men and women of note, have helped them. (Doubleday & McClure.)

THE GLOBE EDITION of the "Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" includes all the poems that have been published in book form, excepting only the earlier of her two translations of "Prometheus Bound." The poems are arranged in chronological order. The frontispiece is a portrait engraved on steel after the painting by Field Talfourd in the British National Portrait Gallery. The volume is printed in type not too small to be read with comfort. (The Macmillan Co.)

A BOOK of Verses for Children," compiled by Edward Verall Lucas, is gorgeous in white, red and gold as to the cover, and contains within some pretty pictures in colors, and selections from Hogg, Stevenson, Herrick, Scott and other poets, cleverly grouped according to their subjects under various headings such as "The Weather," "The Year," "Christmas," "The Country Life," and so forth. The author is catholic in taste, and has given us the best of what is new as well as the best of what is old. We know of no other anthology for children so complete and well arranged. The book runs to over three hundred pages, and is very well printed. (Henry Holt & Co.)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS by Miss Blanche McManus, to Dr. Watts's well-meant verses, in "Childhood's Songs of Long Ago," show a proper sense of humor in the illustrator.

"Why should our garments (made to hide
Our parents' shame) provoke our pride?"

asks the good old divine, and the artist dresses the children in her picture in garments of a bygone day, which should make their parents more than ever ashamed of themselves. The little busy bee, in the illustration to another well-known song, takes it on himself to punish the idle youngster whom Dr. Watts would have left to Satan's tender mercies. There is a vigor in the illustration to the poem "Against Quarrelling and Fighting" in which dogs might delight, and pugilists also. The pictures show a good sense of composition and of the value of large masses of black and white. A short preface gives some account of the life of Dr. Watts. (E. R. Herrick & Co.)

Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The Elizabethan Stage Society for the Present Season.—A friend in London has sent me the program of the plays by Elizabethan dramatists to be presented by this society during its third season (1897-1898). Two performances of Shakespeare's "Tempest" have already been given—the first at the Mansion House, London, by invitation of the Lord Mayor and his lady, and the second a few weeks later as a *matinée*. The other plays announced are "The Spanish Gypsy," by Middleton and Rowley; "The Sad Shepherd," by Ben Jonson; "Viola," by Francis Beaumont, being the by-plot of Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, "The Coxcomb"; and "The Broken Heart," by John Ford. "The Sad Shepherd," a pastoral play, is to be acted in the open air, next July; the remaining plays are to be produced before the end of June. The announcement is for private performances guaranteed for the members by the Director; but the right is reserved to repeat a play occasionally in public.

"*The Lovers' Shakespeare.*"—Under this title Mrs. Chloe Blakeman Jones has gathered into a pretty little book the poet's many love passages, incorporating with them many others which, though really having no direct reference to love, are equally apt for the lover's purposes. This part of the work shows much wit and ingenuity. The quotations are grouped under sundry headings: "The Course of True Love"; "Love-in-Idleness"; "There was a Man"; "There was a Woman"; "I will Live a Bachelor," etc.—all drawn from Shakespeare. The illustrations by Anna W. Bradfield are very graceful and delicate (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.).

Another American First Folio.—Mr. J. A. Waldron, of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, sends me the following:

"Noting the recent article in *The Critic* about copies of the First Folio of Shakespeare, I am led to inform you that one of the best copies in existence—I have understood that the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the only person possessing a better copy—is owned by the Hon. John Boyd Thacher of Albany, who possesses many other valuable literary relics of the Shakespeare period."

The Comparative Length of Shakespeare's Plays.—In the appendix to the "Arden" edition of "Cymbeline" recently published (in the main a scholarly piece of work, and one of the best of the series thus far) the following statement occurs:

"'Cymbeline' is the longest, but three of all Shakespeare's plays: 'Antony and Cleopatra' has 3964 lines, 'Hamlet' 3924; 'Richard III' 3599, 'Cymbeline' 3448."

The editor refers to Mr. F. G. Fleay for these figures, all of which are wrong. They were first printed in the "Transactions of the New Shakspere Society," of London, in 1874, and have been often reprinted; but they were corrected by Mr. L. M. Griffiths in his "Evenings with Shakspere," published in 1889. His figures, so far as I have verified them, are the most accurate that I have examined. I doubt whether there is a single error in them.

I thought at first that Fleay's 3964 for "Antony and Cleopatra" was a misprint for 3064, the true number being 3063; but the play is put first in his table of comparative lengths in the "Transactions" and also in his "Manual," published two years later (1876). I suspect that in making up the table he misread his own figures, and did not discover the mistake until long afterward. In 1881, in his paper on "Metrical Tests" contributed to Part II of Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespear: the Man and the Book," he gives the number as 3059. At that time I counted the lines and made the number 3063 as Mr. Griffiths does.

"Hamlet" is the longest of the plays, with 3930 lines; "Richard III" comes next, with 3618; then, in order, "Troilus and Cressida," with 3496; "Henry IV," with 3446; "Coriolanus," with 3410; "Henry V," with 3380; and "Cymbeline" (sixth, not third), with 3341. "Lear" has 3336, and "Othello" 3317; all the others have less than 3200. The shortest play is the "Comedy of Errors," with 1778 lines; the next, "The Tempest," with 2065; and the next, "Macbeth," with 2109, much the shortest of the great tragedies.

An Allusion in "Richard II."—A Boston correspondent writes thus:—"On p. 175 of 'Richard II' you say:—'The allusion to the absence of snakes in Ireland is obvious.' In an article on 'Toad-

Lore' in *Chambers's Journal*, it is said that the allusion is to toads."

The passage in "Richard II" is as follows (ii, 1. 155):—

"Now for our Irish wars:

We must supplant those rough rag-headed kerns
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they have privilege to live."

Of course the allusion is to the tradition that St. Patrick banished venomous reptiles of all kinds from the Emerald Isle. Toads would have been included by Shakespeare or any other Elizabethan writer, but there could be no reason for limiting the allusion to those animals, and probably the writer in *Chambers's Journal* did not intend to do so. As he was writing about toads, he naturally quoted this passage in illustration of the old notion that they were "venomous" as well as "ugly," without referring to other animals included in the familiar Hibernian superstition. In alluding to this superstition people commonly mention only "snakes" as representative of the reptile race, as other editors of Shakespeare have done in notes on the passage in question. Stevens quotes (as I do, giving him credit) an apt parallel from Dekker's "Honest Whore" (1630):—

"that Irish Judas,

Bred in a country where no venom prospers
But in his blood."

I may add that Shakespeare has seven or eight specific references to the supposed venom of the toad besides the familiar one in "As you Like It" (ii, 1. 13), where the fabulous "toad-stone," the "precious jewel in his head," is also mentioned. The only other bit of "toad-lore" in his work (probably quoted in the article in *Chambers*, which I have not seen) is in "Romeo and Juliet" iii. 5. 31: "Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes." As the toad has beautiful eyes while the lark has very ugly ones, it was a popular notion that they had exchanged eyes.

Notes from Paris

AN HISTORIC nautical map—Valsecca's—owned by the Count of Montenegro, who resides in Majorca, has just been offered for sale here. It is supposed to have been made in 1456 and to have once belonged to Americus Vespuccius, if we are to believe four lines written on the back of it. The present possessor having been separated from his rich wife and being in need of funds sent this precious document to Paris. The attention of our State Department was called to it. But the sale fell through on account of the extraordinary price asked—800,000 francs. It has been taken back home, as not more than one or two thousand dollars could be obtained, and that offer came from the American market. Mr. Henry Harrisse declares that it is not worth as many farthings! George Sand, by the way, describes this map in her volume of travels, "Un Hiver à Majorque," and tells how an ink-bottle was upset over it. The traces of this accident can still be seen.

Speaking of this mishap reminds me of two contretemps which Zola related to me the other day. It appears that whatever he writes consists of but a single draft, so that he is always nervous till he gets the printer's proofs, especially as he has had some narrow escapes. Thus, while one of his early novels was appearing in *feuilleton* in a Paris daily, the war of 1870 broke out, and the publication of the paper suddenly ceased, leaving the final chapter unprinted. When peace was restored months afterwards, the editor called on M. Zola and asked for the manuscript of the closing part. "But you have it," exclaimed the surprised novelist; "I sent you the whole, and it must be found, for I cannot replace it without the greatest difficulty." So a long search was made at the newspaper office and the lost sheets were finally discovered lying on the editor's table under a mass of dust-covered papers, where they had remained undisturbed all through "the Terrible Year."

Many years later Zola had quite as lucky an escape from a similar misfortune. Coming into town one afternoon from his country home at Médan, with the complete manuscript of a novel which he intended to hand in person to his publisher, his common method, the busy author was making a few final corrections in the train, laying down the sheets beside him on the seat. When in his cab he discovered that a chapter was missing. Hastening back to the St. Lazare station, he found the train had not been backed out and hunted up his compartment, but his precious chapter had disappeared. In the midst of his consternation he was accosted by one of the railway employees, who handed

him the lost manuscript. But notwithstanding these warnings M. Zola does not change his writing habits.

Mention of Zola naturally suggests the coming book of Paul and Victor Margueritte, for they, too, are engaged on a trilogy, so they tell me. "Le Déastre" I mentioned in your columns last August. It is now to be followed by a companion historic novel, whose scene will be laid in the second period of the conflict of 1870, generally spoken of as the War in the Provinces, and the series will be completed by a third story, which will have to do with the Commune. This last subject is beset with difficulties, but the brothers assure me that they mean to be as impartial as possible under the circumstances. By the way, M. René Doumic said to me the other day, speaking of "Le Déastre" (which, you will remember, typifies the first period of the Franco-German struggle), that he considered it one of the most notable novels of the epoch.

M. Doumic, I may add, sails from Havre on the 19th proximo, on his way to Harvard to inaugurate the recently established lectureship on French literature. He will remain at Cambridge about three weeks, delivering his eight lectures on French Romanticism on alternate days, so that each intervening evening may be devoted to a lecture at Boston on some other literary subject. From Harvard, M. Doumic goes to Yale, Columbia, Chicago and possibly to Cornell. This able, rising critic is delighted with the idea of this distant preaching of the literary word, though the thought of being brought face to face with an American winter sends a chill through his tall, thin frame, which is so susceptible to cold. M. Doumic has already accepted the invitation to respond to the toast to the American Universities at our Memorial Day banquet here; so I trust that his reception by the college authorities will be warmer than that which he is sure to receive from the climate.

We have several other French critics who are quite ready to follow M. Doumic's example and go to Harvard the succeeding years. M. Victor du Bled, for instance, could speak very entertainingly and even with much authority on the literary and historic life of France during the eighteenth century. In fact, he begins in a few days his annual series of lectures, which is to be devoted this time to "French Society during the Last Century." One of the lectures treats of the diplomats and diplomacy of that period, and M. du Bled has had the happy idea of specially inviting for that day prominent members of the diplomatic corps accredited to France, so that he will probably have before him on that occasion a *parterre* of diplomats.

Another candidate, and an exceedingly brilliant one, for the Harvard lectureship is M. Léo Claretie, nephew of M. Jules Claretie, who has just closed a series of very instructive and spirited lectures on early French poetry, one of his specialties. M. Claretie has a very graceful delivery, and being, like M. Doumic, a graduate of the famous Superior Normal School, speaks with book. General Porter, by the way, was an assiduous attendant at this course.

Another notable Frenchman whom you will probably see on your lecture platform at no distant day is the ex-Abbé Victor Charbonnel. After hesitating for some time he finally abandoned Rome last October, and is now preparing a series of lectures on what he calls "free religion," which must not be mistaken for what goes under that name generally in the United States. M. Charbonnel is now a sort of French Theodore Parker or O. B. Frothingham. He is exceedingly religious in the best and broadest sense of the word, is a most eloquent speaker, and could deliver in English a committed lecture. Here is a hint to Major Pond.

A few personal notes: Frau von Teuffel, Blanche Willis Howard of former days, has been in Paris of late, engaged upon some newspaper work. Though she has just brought out one volume, another is already in her mind. Frau von Teuffel is now back in her favorite Germany.

Mr. Cleveland Moffett, busy on some work for *McClure's Magazine*, is vibrating just now between Paris and London, having returned from the Orient via Berlin.

Mr. Hall Caine has been seen of late wandering about the streets of Paris before starting for Rome. And Mr. W. E. Norris has been here too. I sat next to him at a dinner party not long ago, and so modest was he and so tactless the hostess, that I discovered only the following day who my neighbor had been.

But the literary lion in Paris just now is Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, the young Italian novelist, whose piece, "La Ville

"Morte," is to be brought out to-night by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at her theatre, *Le Renaissance*. It promises to be a most brilliant occasion, at least as far as the audience is concerned.

It is expected that ex-President Hill of Rochester University will preside at the next American University dinner, which occurs on Washington's Birthday. Two or three French celebrities will speak on that occasion.

The Paris letter to *Literature*, as well as some of the book-reviews which appear in that periodical, are written by Mr. William M. Fullerton of the *Times* staff here, a Harvard graduate, for some time literary editor of one of the Boston dailies. I am told by a Londoner who should know whereof he speaks, that as soon as *Literature* gets well started, which is quite the case now if wide circulation counts, much of its matter will first appear in the *Times*. This, in fact, would seem to be the chief *raison d'être* of this admirable literary weekly.

Mr. Oliver H. Perry, formerly of the art department of *Scribner's Magazine*, who has had a studio here for the past year or two, has just completed an excellent portrait of Frederick Macmillan, head of the well-known London publishing-house. Mr. Perry is now engaged on a historic portrait of Sebastian Cabot, for a private gallery.

Has your attention been called to this paragraph placed at the very end, in the list of authorities, of Frederic Harrison's scholarly "William the Silent," which was reviewed in your columns recently? "Special mention should be made of the most recent, most elaborate and most scholarly work on this subject, 'William the Silent' by Ruth Putnam. . . . At every step a subsequent writer has to admire Miss Putnam's immense industry and accurate learning." Miss Putnam, I may add, is a graduate of Sage College, Cornell, and a member of the well-known New York publishing family.

PARIS, 21 Jan., 1898.

THEODORE STANTON.

Thackeray's Sequel to "Vanity Fair"

Longman's Magazine for February contains the following letter of Thackeray's to his friend the Duke of Devonshire. His Grace had expressed his regret at "Vanity Fair" coming to an end, and his interest in the further adventures and fate of the characters. To gratify this curiosity, Thackeray wrote:

MY LORD DUKE: Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your Grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her "in happier days," she said with a sigh, by Smeet, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no *sort of truth* in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas, the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley (who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832; Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform Bill) does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. "If it were not for *higher things*," she says, "how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falsehood, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child?" But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*. The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

The late Jos. Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman—is the best crinolined lady in Knightsbridge district.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The Colonel's "History of the Punjab" is looked for with much anxiety in some circles.

Capt. and Lt.-Colonel G. Sedley-Osborne (he wishes, he says, to be distinguished from some other branches of the Osborne family, and is descended by the mother's side from Sir Charles Sedley) is, I need not say, well, for I saw him in a most richly embroidered cambric pink shirt with diamond studs, bowing to your Grace at the last party at Devonshire House. He is in Parliament; but the property left him by his grandfather has, I hear, been a good deal overrased.

He was very sweet upon Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's daughter, who married her cousin, the present Baronet, and a good deal cut up when he was refused. He is not, however, a man to be permanently cast down by sentimental disappointments. His chief cause of annoyance at the present moment is that he is growing bald, but his whiskers are still without a gray hair and the finest in London.

I think these are the latest particulars relating to a number of persons about whom your Grace was good enough to express some interest. I am very glad to be enabled to give this information, and am,

Your Grace's very much obliged servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

THE CRITIC CO., by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., is bringing out a copy of this letter printed on linen paper, at 10 cts. net per copy, or \$7.50 for 100.

Recollections of Daudet

M. ADOLPHE BRISSON gives some recollections of Daudet in the *Revue Illustrée*, among them the following account by Ernest Daudet of his brother's arrival at his, Ernest's, lodgings in Paris:—"I can see him now, exhausted by want and fatigue, dying of cold, wrapped in a worn, shabby, old-fashioned overcoat, and, to make his appearance still more original, shod with clogs of rubber, worn over blue cotton socks." Daudet was a tremendous worker, though not naturally industrious. When writing "Le Nabab," "Les Rois en Exil," "L'Évangéliste," he would sit for seventeen hours a day at his desk, scarcely taking time to



M. ALPHONSE DAUDET IN 1897.



DAUDET AFTER DEATH

eat or sleep, and waking with a start, to put on paper a word that he feared would escape him when awake. When the manuscript was done, he gave a sigh of relief. But he had almost killed himself. He fell into a terrible torpor, from which he could not be roused. One night he thought he was dying. He called Mme. Daudet and whispered, "Finish my book!" In speaking of "La Petite Paroisse," M. Brisson describes the hero as a "Struggleforlifer."

The two portraits of Daudet reproduced herewith, one of which was taken after death, are reproduced from this article.

The Lounger

CABLE DESPATCHES from Liverpool announce an interview with Dr. Nansen, in which the Arctic explorer is quoted as saying that lecturing in America is as bad as exploring, and adding that when not lecturing he was traveling, and that the American style of traveling was not to his taste. Of course, Major Pond saw this paragraph, and naturally he was indignant. He doesn't believe Dr. Nansen said "any such thing," and neither do I. Dr. Nansen may be a good many things that he is charged with being; but he is not perfectly tactless, and such words coming from his lips would be very foolish. He made a great deal of money out of his tour in America—much more than his managers did,—and he was exceptionally well-treated.

THAT HIS TOUR was cut short was no fault of his managers, but rather the fault of his terms. However, they accepted them, and they are paying for being over-sanguine. Major Pond, who took Dr. Nansen under his wing during the latter part of the explorer's stay in America, says:—

"Dr. Nansen complained of nothing. He was as perfect a gentleman as any one I ever knew. But as he never took the trouble to deny the malicious stories circulated by certain persons, they gained credence with some. The only unpleasant feature of his entire stay was the disagreement with his managers, in which, I may add, he certainly was not the one at fault. He found lecturing here very pleasant, but he was not anxious to come, and did so only when good terms were offered by his managers. They, however, could not afford to keep up to the letter of their contract, in view of their heavy expenses, although Dr. Nansen was one of the most popular lecturers that have ever come to New York, and filled his hall on the eighth appearance here, after only four days' advertising. Dr. Nansen, therefore, thought it best to withdraw and return home. I have only good words for him, and I am sure he feels that way toward the people of the United States, who made his visit here so enjoyable and profitable."

I HAVE BEEN WAITING for Mr. Wilson Barrett to be heard from; he is not the man to let an opportunity for advertising escape him. At the present time he is acting in Australia. When he heard of the tragic death of William Terriss, he said that he was almost certain that the assassin and a man named Archer, who followed him about with a revolver when he was a lessee

of the Princess's Theatre, London, were one and the same. Mr. Barrett says that one day he (Barrett) called Archer into the office of the theatre and accused him of intent to murder. Archer admitted the charge and said that Barrett was his brother, and had robbed him. Then, of course, he knew the man was mad. To this statement *The Daily Chronicle* adds its comment, which is that "if the assassin of Mr. Terriss was—as seems certain—also Mr. Barrett's pursuer, the latter has reason to reflect on his failure to have the madman locked up."

MR. W. L. ALDEN, who was at one time the humorous editorial writer of the *New York Times*, is now writing literary letters from London to that paper. The second of these, which appeared last week, is more interesting than the first. Mr. Alden says that Mr. Rider Haggard has apparently decided to abandon Africa, and that his next book is to be "a story of modern civilized life, without a person in it with a complexion darker than that of an authorized British blonde." Mr. Haggard, continues Mr. Alden, "has been immensely successful in selling his novels; and of course this has made many people say that they are rubbish. I wish I could write that sort of rubbish." Just how much of a compliment does Mr. Alden intend by this statement? Does he mean to admit that Mr. Haggard writes rubbish, and that for pecuniary reasons he would like to write the same instead of some other kind of rubbish; or does he mean that it is not rubbish, and that he wishes that he wrote as well as Mr. Haggard? Of course, Mr. Alden writes a hundred per cent. better than Mr. Haggard; so I am at a loss to get at his real meaning.

WE ALREADY HAVE societies of women known as Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Revolution, but they no longer give prestige to their members; they are entirely too plebeian. We have something better. The newest thing in Daughters is the Order of the Crown, to become a member of which a woman must be able to prove her direct descent from a Royal Line; any Royal Line except the Royal Blue will do. It will surprise most simple Republicans to know how many American-born women are the Daughters of Kings (not King's Daughters; that is another order). One lady is a direct descendant of Charlemagne; she was originally Lydia Jones Smith, then she was the widow of Dorephus Tuttle of Boston, and now she is the wife of Mr. Ferdinand P. Earle of this city. From a king to an earl is not as sudden a change as it might be. But Mrs. Earle is, if I am to believe the *Herald*, a descendant of Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Hugh Capet and the Plantagenets.

"Mrs. John Jacob Astor can trace her ancestry back to Hugh Capet, King of France; the Plantagenet kings of England and the royal Saxon line. . . . Other eligibles are Mrs. Royal Phelps Carroll, Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson, Mrs. William Fearing Gill, Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Mary J. Schieffelin, Mrs. Roger Pryor and Mrs. Charles Astor Drayton. The motto of the order is from Horace's first ode, and reads:—'Atavis edite regibus.'

I WOULD SUGGEST still another order—one for membership in which every American housekeeper is eligible: the Order of the Royal Baking Powder. Don't you think that would be popular?

A man who signs himself "Augustin Beaumont" (that may be his name, but it is rather too high-sounding for reality) complains in *The Evening Post* about the literary pretensions of New York. He read an editorial in that journal in which it was argued that New York was the literary centre of the United States. Now Mr. Beaumont denies this statement, and to prove

that he is right, says he came to New York a thoroughly equipped journalist, and being unable to get a position on a newspaper, or to dispose of magazine articles, was obliged to sell soap for a living. I cannot for the life of me see why, granted that New York is the literary centre, every man who comes here, even though he may have experience in journalism, should drop at once into a lucrative position. In that case, instead of being a "literary centre," I should think it might be called a literary Elysium.

I LAMENT the death of Nicolini, and throw a laurel on his grave. He was not a great singer, but he sang with taste and with fire. Many a better singer might have learned much from his performance in "Aida," especially when Mme. Patti sang the title rôle.

A GREAT MANY people who wonder why Mme. Sarah Grand wrote "The Beth Book" will be interested to learn her reason, given by request to the editor of *Book News* :—

"I wrote it," she declares, "to show what a refined woman must suffer when forced to associate with such a man, the inevitable blight, the certain deterioration that settles upon her even when she has the force of character to escape absolute corruption. The critics have almost all missed this, the one purpose of the book, and pounced upon something quite incidental, and merely introduced by way of illustration, used as a vivisection incident, to which they attribute an exaggerated importance. The subjects discussed came inevitably into the life of an intelligent woman situated as Beth was at the time of which I was writing; she could not have avoided them, and therefore no picture of her would be faithful that ignored them; but it is in the conditions of her life, not in her intellectual pursuits, or opinions, that the real significance of her story is to be found."

THE FACT THAT the manuscript of "Waverley" came near destruction before it was discovered by Sir Walter among his fishing-tackle, so profoundly affected one of the (central Pennsylvania) hearers of a University Extension lecture, that his paper, presented to the lecturer, contained this clause:—"Happy it was for English literature that this beacon-light was not extinguished by the scissors of the maid near the morass, and under the leaves had been buried the root of Scotch literature."

THIS IS A SCENE from Mr. Pinero's latest comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," clipped from *The Daily Chronicle*. The scene is laid in or about 1861, when women wore the most hideous gar-



MISS HILDA SPONG.

MISS VANBRUGH.

THE GRACE OF THE CRINOLINE.

ments that fashion ever dictated. The actors and actresses dress according to the time represented.

M. PIERRE LOTI is among the latest writers to protest against bull-fighting as seen in Spain to-day. The protest comes as a surprise to those who know that M. Loti hails from that part of southern France where bull-fighting still flourishes, in spite of the efforts of the government to suppress it. But why, after all, should a man be held responsible for the peculiarities of the section of the country in which he may happen to have been born?

THE suit for libel brought by Mr. A. Oakey Hall against the Right Hon. James Bryce, on account of certain allusions to himself in the latter's work, "The American Commonwealth," has been dismissed on account of the failure of Mr. Hall to prosecute it. Mr. Bryce spent five or six thousand dollars in getting testimony to defend his case, and the court has imposed the costs upon the plaintiff. It is not expected, however, that he will pay them, and *The Evening Post* makes the very sensible suggestion that in every suit of this sort the plaintiff should be required to file a bond for payment of costs, in case of an adverse decision.

THE Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, in a letter accepting the position of Chairman *pro tem* of the Board of Trustees of Barnard College, expresses his admiration of the rapid growth of that institution. Within its first five years it has, he says, made greater progress than Columbia College achieved in the first fifty years of its existence. "I regard this result as a miraculous success, and it will be a reproach to the citizens of New York if, even for a short time, the work of Barnard College should be hampered for need of the small amount required to place it in the position of comparative independence." The "small amount" is \$100,000, but before Mr. Hewitt's letter was published subscriptions of \$1000 each were received from Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. Wm. H. Osborn, Mr. Morris K. Jesup and two anonymous "friends."

MR. SAMUEL C. DONALDSON, of the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, whose death occurred on Jan. 24, at the age of 76, possessed marked culture and wide scholarship. As a bibliographer and a critic, his knowledge was well known, and he was constantly appealed to in matters relating to books and literature. Mr. Donaldson's devotion to the printed page has been a characteristic from his youth, humorously alluded to by Col. Higginson, a classmate, in a Harvard class-poem, where "Donaldson, with his nose in a book," is referred to. After graduation Mr. Donaldson spent some time abroad, meeting and visiting at the home of De Quincey, with whose family a correspondence was kept up for many years. Later, he became a professor in the University of Alabama, and afterwards, returning to his home in Baltimore, became associated with the Mercantile Library. He had been assistant librarian of the Pratt Library for about twelve years.

A FEW book-lovers in Gouverneur, New York, are just forming themselves into a book club, under the title of the Brothers of the Book. To celebrate the inception of the club they propose issuing a dainty little brochure, the subject of which will be the "Conclusion of the Renaissance"—the summing-up of Pater's philosophy of life. Only a small number will be printed, but admirers of Pater (and other book-lovers) who would like copies, are invited to correspond with the Scrivener, Mr. L. C. Woodworth.

Mme. RÉJANE's brilliant tour in Germany has made the name of "Mme. Sans-Gêne" as well known in that country as it is in France. A Stuttgart paper gives some "souvenirs" of an old German pensioner, Steininger, which agree very well with what we already know of the Duchess of Dantzig:—"In the early part of my stay in the Hohenasperg," says the soldier, "I had for bedfellow a man called Lefebvre. He was an Alsatian who had come to Wurtemberg as a volunteer; he was large, dark-visaged, black-haired and a good comrade. He made the acquaintance of my sergeant Denzel's daughter, and at the expiration of his engagement returned to France, having in the meanwhile married his fiancée. But it was only after having assured himself of the welcome his wife would receive that he returned to the family hearth. We saw him return, driving a mule which he had bought to spare his wife some of the fatigues of the journey, and in this modest way the future Duchess of Dantzig made her entry into France. When, later on, I passed through Dünkirchen, I asked to see the home of Lefebvre, but could see only the place where the house had stood, as it had been destroyed by fire. I learned that he had returned to the service and received promotion." The recruit of Asperg had indeed been promoted; he had become a Marshal, and the daughter of the sergeant-major, admitted to the Tuilleries, had introduced even to the court world her surname, Mme. Sans-Gêne—or, as the narrator of this story calls it, *Frau Ungerhirt*.

Music

Notes of the Season

THE REPRESENTATION of "Die Walküre" which was given on Friday evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, served to introduce Madame Nordica as Brünnhilde—the youthful Brünnhilde of the first drama in the Trilogy. The piece was badly mounted; but we are a long-suffering people in regard to such matters, and have learned to accustom ourselves to impossible scenery, ludicrous makeshifts of all sorts and kinds, and stage-management which would assuredly not be tolerated in Germany, where the idea still prevails that the music-drama without adequate stage-fittings has absolutely no *raison d'être*.

Mme. Nordica's impersonation of Brünnhilde revealed the good results of her conscientious, painstaking study in connection with the rôle, and of her earnestness of purpose in developing it along the lines imposed by tradition. A great impersonation was scarcely to be expected, for Mme. Nordica was not cast in an heroic mould, and Brünnhilde demands a superabundance of physical, intellectual and temperamental endowments. But all honor to the artist who has conquered many of her limitations through persistent effort, and who now claims her right to be considered as among the foremost in the ranks of Wagnerian singers.

Fräulein Gadski was tender and convincing as Sieglinde, and her sympathetic portrayal of the character caused the audience to deal leniently with her all too apparent defects in the matter of faulty intonation. Herr Krauss was a fairly good Siegmund. Herr Fischer presented the familiar Wotan we have learned to associate with his name, and the remaining members of the cast may be dismissed as of average excellence, unworthy of special mention.

The matinée performance of "Roméo et Juliette" drew as large and representative an audience as that which filled the Opera House on the preceding evening, when the Wagner drama was produced.

Mme. Melba's Juliette is so well known that we need not enter into a discussion as to its special merits, but the rôle has always been one in which she has achieved vocal triumphs, and being in good form she carried her audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely awakened this season.

M. Ibos, who filled the companion rôle, disclosed genuine dramatic force and deep feeling. His unfortunate vibrato marred the effect of his otherwise excellent singing, but altogether his Romeo may be classed as the most acceptable bit of work he has thus far offered us. M. Boudouresque sang and acted the part of Friar Laurence with good effect. Signor Campanari proved a worthy representative of Mercutio, and Herr Stehmann, Signor Vanni and Mlle. Toronto served to fill the remaining rôles. The

orchestra and chorus were both open to criticism. Signor Bimboni has not fulfilled the promise of his season with the Mapleton Company, and his readings show but few traces of discrimination and subjectivity.

The Saturday evening representation of "Tannhäuser," with a cast including Fräulein Gadski, Mr. Bispham and Herr Krauss, and with popular prices by way of an added attraction to ensure support, was given to an exceedingly poor house. Our managers fail to learn by experience that Saturday evening representations are not desired by this public. Saturday is a night reserved for the play, and this custom, together with the fact that those who have attended a matinée performance of opera, will scarcely feel tempted to patronize the same sort of an entertainment given in the identical building where they have passed the greater part of the day, may account for general indifference concerning popular operatic entertainments of the Saturday night series. We have a large foreign population, and it would seem as if support might come from this quarter if from no other direction, but in truth our German element, for example, cannot altogether be counted on; and it often happens that ventures made out of consideration for what is supposedly dear to the German heart and is undoubtedly of value in the Fatherland, fall far short of the mark, or in many instances even fail to materialize, because the tastes appealed to have suffered a climatic change or have been supplanted by newly acquired ambitions. The various unsuccessful endeavors to introduce open-air concerts, and open-air restaurants with incidental music as the principal attraction, may be cited in illustration of the point in question.

The first morning concert in the series given at the Astoria under Herr Seidl brought forward Miss Maud Powell as soloist. Miss Powell was heard in Bruch's second concerto for violin, and her performance must be referred to in terms of the warmest possible praise.

Another artist who deserves to be favorably spoken of, is the admirable pianist, Mr. Albert Lockwood, whose recent recital at the Madison Square Garden was given on the evening of the same day and with the assistance of the same distinguished conductor.

No less valued a writer on musical topics than Mr. Philip Hale has decided that, for the sake of unity, we must drop all concessions to foreign customs, and use the simple prefix of Mr. or Mrs., when designating the different artists who come to this country, or who assume, for the sake of distinction, effective stage names. The writer is scarcely inclined to take Mr. Hale seriously, and yet he is evidently bent on enforcing his particular theory or hobby. But why can he not rest content in adopting the general form of Madame and Monsieur? It is really like a slap in the face to hear such an unesthetic combination of sounds as Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Melba, Miss Schumann-Heinck and Mr. Mozkowsky, and one cannot but consider the persistent attempt to introduce them as more of an affectation than an actual belief in their necessity. And to think that this suggestion comes from a critic of music!

The Drama

Mme. Helena Modjeska

THERE WAS SOMETHING very gratifying in the warmth of the welcome with which Mme. Helena Modjeska, the greatest actress in this country, was greeted on her return to the metropolitan stage in the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. It proved that the public memory is not so short as it is sometimes believed to be, and that a great reputation can survive the test of even prolonged absence. It is not possible, at this late day, to write anything new about her impersonation of Marie Stuart, which was recognized as a masterpiece, even in the days of Ristori and Seebach, and has stood these many years secure from living rivalry. To-day it is one of the few remaining examples of really great acting, of beautiful workmanship inspired by imagination and perfected by experience and ripe intelligence, to be seen upon the stage. It has qualities wholly distinct from and altogether superior to those which constitute the artistic equipment of the modern actress, such as a style at once broad and delicate, majestic and tender, vigorous and graceful, and a general refinement and elevation of manner suggestive of kindred attributes of the soul. Time has dealt very gently with the famous Polish artist. It has deprived her, naturally, of some of the buoyancy and brilliancy of youth, but has left all her finer faculties unimpaired, so that intellectually she is in her ripest period, while her physical powers are still equal to all the demands made upon them. There



MME. MODJESKA AS MARIE STUART

was no apparent diminution of fire or passion in the splendid vehemence of her denunciation of Queen Elizabeth in the famous scene at Fotheringay. As she proceeded through the varying moods of humility, indignation and anger towards the thrilling climax she held her audience spellbound, and her final outburst of wrathful scorn was followed by a scene of enthusiasm such as is rarely witnessed within the walls of a theatre nowadays. She was called before the curtain again and again, receiving a tribute of which any actress might well be proud. Her death scene was a wonderful exhibition of queenly and womanly dignity, tenderness and resignation, exquisite in its grace, inspiring in its suggestion of sanctity and purity and poignant in its pathos. The circumstances around her were not particularly solemn or imposing, but she so filled the scene that the defects of others passed unnoticed. Her associates, to tell truth, had but a small share in the honors of the evening. Mr. Haworth alone is deserving of special commendation, but the representation passed without any very serious hitches.

"Way Down East"

THIS NEW PLAY by Miss Lottie Blair Parker, which was presented in the Manhattan Theatre on Monday evening, requires only brief notice. It is one of the innumerable rural pieces constructed more or less upon the bad model of "The Old Homestead," which, thanks to the sympathetic personality of Mr. Denman Thompson, has flourished so amazingly. Miss Parker has selected one of the oldest themes of melodrama and set it in a frame of what is supposed to be rural freshness and simplicity, but which smacks much more of the stage carpenter's shop and old prompt-books than it does of woods or fields. The clothes and properties of the piece are very good copies of existing originals, but the personages, as a rule, are hopelessly conventional and unreal. All of them have done good service in the theatre and find much favor in the eyes of a certain class of playgoers, who were present in force on the first night and applauded as rapturously as if the whole thing had been new and alive. The actors did as well as could be expected of them, and evidently amused a good many of their hearers. Worse entertainments have been brilliant financial successes before now.

Mr. George Alexander is said to have commissioned Mr. Stephen Phillips to write a "verse drama" for the St. James's Theatre. As Mr. Phillips was once an actor, he should certainly possess the necessary practical knowledge for the task.

The Fine Arts

The Seizure of Boldini's Pictures

THE ACTION of the Custom House authorities in seizing the portraits of Verdi, Whistler and other celebrities, by the painter Giovanni Boldini, which have been exhibited at the galleries of Boussod, Valadon & Co., will, it may be hoped, result in having an authoritative and final interpretation put upon the law relating to the importation of pictures and other works of art. The law is so loosely drawn that everybody is more or less puzzled by it. In the present case, the pictures were imported for exhibition, and were admitted duty free on the declaration of Mr. Glaenzer, Mr. Boldini's agent, that they were not for sale, but were to be exported within six months. Mr. Glaenzer supposed that, the intent of the law being to protect the Government against clandestine sales of pictures imported for exhibition, he might sell the pictures, if he could, after the time allowed for exhibition had elapsed, on paying the proper duty. A Custom House inspector, getting some hint of this attitude, sent a woman spy to the gallery, who, representing herself to be a rich picture-buyer, obtained a bill of sale for the Verdi portrait, dated March 2, at which time the exhibition will be over. On this ground all the paintings were seized, and Custom House agents were put in charge of them. The question thus raised is whether a picture imported for exhibition may be sold for delivery after the exhibition, on payment of the usual duty. The Customs authorities appear to think that there must be an actual exportation of such pictures and a re-importation before they can be offered for sale. It is highly desirable that the point should be settled once for all, and that the nature of the settlement and the reasons therefor should be made public.

Prices and Buyers at the Stewart Sale

AS WAS ANTICIPATED, the little picture by Fortuny, "The Choice of a Model," as it is usually called, brought the highest price obtained for any picture at the sale of the Stewart collection, last week. Mr. W. A. Clark, the Montana silver-mine owner, who paid \$42,000 for it, bought several other Fortunys, the single small Alma Tadema, "A Roman Youth Reading Horace," for which he paid \$3900, and other paintings of less note, making in all a little more than \$75,000. Fortuny's "Court of Justice, Alhambra," was bought by Mr. H. P. Whitney for \$13,000, and the "Arab Fantasia" went to "H. Harrison" for \$12,000. Mr. H. Schaus bought "The Antiquary" for \$12,500, and Mr. Stanford White the "Arab's Head" for \$1150 and the "Arab Butcher," which, spite of the repulsive subject, is an excellent example of Fortuny's work, for \$2300.

Madrazo's "Departure from the Masked Ball," a small picture crowded with figures, sold to F. A. Bell for \$12,500, while the same artist's "Pierrette," a single figure of a pretty masker, of the size of life, and by many considered his best work, went for \$5000 to the Marquis of Casa Rieva. The two small paintings by Meissonier brought less than was expected; the "End of a Game of Cards" going to Mr. H. W. Fargo for \$9000 and the "Stirrup Cup" to Mr. G. B. Berckman for \$12,500. Menzel's spirited drawing of the same name as the last-mentioned picture, sold for \$3375 to Mr. G. P. Douglas. "The Village Politicians," a *genre* picture by Wilhelm Leibl, the German follower of Courbet and leader of the German naturalistic school, brought the unexpectedly high price of \$15,000. It was bought by Mr. J. F. Sutton. Baudry's "Pearl and the Wave," the one capital example of the nude in the collection, goes back to Paris in the charge of M. de Madrazo, for \$8000. His "Parisina," a capital example of the painter, was bought by Boussod, Valadon & Co. for \$1000, and will also, probably, return to Paris. The few drawings in monochrome, among them excellent examples of Fortuny, Kraus and Vierge, may almost be said to have gone begging; and but few of the remarkably fine collection of small bronzes brought very good prices.

M. de Monvel to Visit America

A COMING EVENT of much interest in art circles is the visit to this country of M. Maurice Boutet de Monvel, the French painter and illustrator, who is to sail from Havre to-day with the purpose of making an exhibit of certain of his artistic works, including the original water-colors of his much-admired *Jeanne d'Arc* series. The artist is not likely to find himself a stranger in America, for his illustrated books for children are already favorites in many a family where French is read. Of these the

"Chansons de France" and the "Vieilles Chansons" are perhaps the best known. The quaint, characteristic, usually humorous, and altogether charming decorative illustrations, in color, which accompany these music books have made the study of French attractive to many an American child. The purity of their sentiment and the cleverness of their drawing prepared the art world for the deeper notes which the artist struck in his drawings for "Xavier" (a beautiful story of love and tragedy in a French village) and for the Jeanne d'Arc volume, written as well as illustrated by M. de Monvel. It is now announced that several of the chief scenes in the life of the Maid are to be reproduced by the painter in much enlarged form for the decoration of the Church of Domremy. They would make a beautiful series for the walls of a large hall in a country-house.

M. de Monvel's exhibit in New York will be in the hands of Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., and it is likely to accompany the artist to other cities. He is already expected in Chicago to paint some portraits, presumably of children; and he is not likely to have time hang heavy on his hands while in the east, where the quality of his work is well known. In June, 1894, the painter was introduced to American readers by an article in *The Century*, from the pen of his friend Mr. Will H. Low. Another paper on M. de Monvel, in *McClure's* for January, includes among its illustrations a portrait of the young daughter of Mme. Réjane, which gives a good idea of the artist's later style. He has received many honors in his own country; the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor is one of them; and, apart from his profession, he is said to be a gentleman of engaging qualities.

Art Notes

A DISPLAY of the expensively illustrated works recently acquired by the Mercantile Library was begun in the Reading Room on Monday. Among the handsome volumes shown was Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Venice of To-day," with its hundreds of brilliant colorotypes and black and white reproductions of sketches by the artist-author. "The Army and Navy of the United States," a copy of the limited edition printed on Japanese paper, is richly illustrated after clever drawings by Mr. W. S. Allen. "The Music of the Modern World," by Mr. Anton Seidl, contains many portraits of musical celebrities. The Chicago World's Fair is illustrated in three large volumes in which all the resources of photogravure, etching and lithography have been called upon to furnish the illustrations, many of them in color. Of European works the "Denkmäler des Deutschen Renaissance," and "La Normandie Monumentale et Pittoresque," both architectural works richly illustrated with photogravures, are the most important. The catalogue "de luxe" of the Stewart collection, and Mr. Gibson's "People of Dickens" are the most recent additions.

—Mr. Elliott Daingerfield's "The Child of Mary," at Klacker's gallery, may be said to be the most ambitious piece of work yet attempted by the painter. The figures of the Virgin enthroned, and of the child Christ are of the size of life. The artist has evidently been inspired by the great Italian masters of religious art, and it must be acknowledged that he follows not unworthily in their footsteps.

—A collection of portraits by M. Chartran, and one of miniatures on ivory by Mr. W. J. Baer, may be seen at the Knoedler galleries. Most of the latter are portraits, but a few ideal compositions are even more charming than they. "Aurora," "The Golden Hour," "Spring" and "Summer" are, on their small scale, decorative in a high degree, and have many of those serious qualities of color and drawing which, as a rule, we hardly expect to find in miniatures.

—Baroness Helga von Cramm is a brilliant sketcher of landscape in water-colors. She has at present at Wunderlich's gallery a number of clever drawings of English, Italian and German scenery, of which perhaps the most successful are "The Cypresses of the Villa Borghese" and "Beachy Head."

—The determination just arrived at by the members of the National Academy of Design to open their exhibitions free to the public on Sundays, in the future, may mark a turning-point in the policy and the fortunes of that institution. It is due to the younger members, who thus show that they are in control; but the older men will have no reason to complain, for it may safely be predicted that the non-paying public will admire their works most. The new rule will go into effect at the beginning of the next Annual Exhibition, Monday, March 28.

Notes

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & CO.'s February announcements include "A Voyage of Consolation," by Mrs. E. C. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan); "Eastern Journeys," some notes of travel in Russia, in the Caucasus, and to Jerusalem, by the late Charles A. Dana; "The Broom of the War God," a story of the recent war between the Greeks and Turks, by Henry Noel Brailsford; "Bimetallism," by Major Leonard Darwin; "Astronomy," by Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler and J. Ellard Gore, a new volume in the Concise Knowledge Library; "Points in Minor Tactics," by Capt. Charles A. Smylie; "A Prince of Misfortune," by T. Gallon; "A Passionate Pilgrim," by Percy White; a new edition of "Evolution and Effort," by Edmond Kelly, with an up-to-date preface treating of recent political events in New York; and a new edition of "The Story of Electricity," by John Munro, with a chapter on "Wireless Telegraphy."

Gen. Lew Wallace has announced that at his death his study will become the property of the city of Crawfordsville, Ind., for a public library. The edifice has just been completed in his beech grove at a cost of \$40,000, and is to be surrounded by an artificial lake.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish the authorized American edition of "Le Soutien de Famille," the last story, completed shortly before his death, of Alphonse Daudet. The book will be issued simultaneously in Paris, London and New York. The American version will probably be entitled "The Wage-Earner."

In the February *Cosmopolis*, Mr. I. Zangwill appears with a study of Spinoza, entitled "The Maker of Lenses." A rather curious symptom of national indifference will be seen in the fact that the inevitable Daudet articles do not include one by a Frenchman. Mr. Edmund Gosse treats the subject for England, and Herr Friedrich Spielhagen for Germany.

The letters by Turguenni which have been appearing in *Cosmopolis* will be issued in book-form under the title of "Turguenni and his French Circle." They have been translated by Miss Ethel M. Arnold, a niece of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Among other interesting books published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. to-day, is the second series of Victor Hugo's letters, including letters in exile to Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi and Lamartine, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest. The arrangement is generally chronological, except in cases where there is an interesting set of letters to one person,—these are kept together.

At the sale of Burns's works, in Edinburgh, a few days ago, a copy of the first Kilmarnock edition, in the original paper covers, uncut, brought 572*l.* (about \$2860).

Judge, *Leslie's Weekly* and *Demorest's Family Magazine* have been consolidated, and will hereafter be published by a new corporation known as the Arkell Publishing Co., W. J. Arkell, President. There is to be a London edition of *Judge*, of which Mr. Victor Gillam will be the manager.

The Doubleday & McClure Co. will publish a useful handbook called "How to Study Shakespeare," by W. H. Fleming, with an introduction by Dr. W. J. Rolfe.

The family of the late Mr. Henry George are preparing in connection with Doubleday & McClure Co. a Memorial Edition of his works, limited to 1000 copies, which his friends believe will form the most suitable monument to his memory that could be devised. Special efforts are being made to have the books admirable as specimens of the bookmaker's skill. The press-work is to be that of DeVinne, there will be new photogravure portraits, and a full biography written by Henry George, Jr.

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. have issued "Shrewsbury," a romance of the time of William and Mary, by Stanley J. Weyman, with illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson.

Messrs. Putnam will soon begin the publication of a new series of scientific books, edited by Prof. J. McKeen Cattell of Colum-

bia, with the cooperation of Mr. Frank E. Beddard, F. R. S. Among the volumes announced are "The Stars," by Prof. Simon Newcomb; "The Earth as a Planet," by Prof. C. A. Young of Princeton; "The Measurement of the Earth," by President T. C. Mendenhall, Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and "Earth Structure," by Prof. James Geikie, F. R. S.

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of *The Times*, has just published through Messrs. Scribner a volume called "What is Good Music?" These "Suggestions to Persons Desiring to Cultivate a Taste in Musical Art" are addressed to a popular audience and are illustrated with anecdote and citation.

Bret Harte has written for *The Youth's Companion* an auto-biographical sketch entitled "How I Went to the Mines."

The American Library Association will hold its twentieth annual conference at Lakewood-on-Chautauqua in July. This association, now twenty-one years old, is officially recognized as one of the great educational forces of our country. The conference has been fixed for July 4, and the post-conference will continue through the following week. Further information may

be obtained from Mary Emogene Hazeltine, chairman local committee, James Prendergast Free Library, Jamestown, New York.

Of M. Zola's "Paris," which the Macmillan Co. will publish, Mr. Harold Federic says in his letter to the *Times*:—"It is not surprising to learn that his book, 'Paris,' which was to have been published next week, is to be held over indefinitely. For months past *Le Journal* has been running a daily instalment of it in small type on an inner page, while having flaring 'leaders' on the front page savagely denouncing the author."

The Macmillan Co. will publish Sir Gavan Duffy's Autobiography, of which mention has already been made in this column. It is full of anecdotes of men of letters and affairs of a past generation.

Messrs. Scribner will publish a new edition of "The Real Japan," by Mr. Henry Norman, which has been for several months out of print. The figures of Japanese naval and military development and finance will be brought up to date, and an additional chapter will discuss the general position and prospects of Japan. A new edition, in a cheap popular form, of Mr. Norman's

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

OF THE

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Loans on First Mortgages of Real Estate,	85,463,730 12
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in force,	727,159 38
Loans on Collateral,	6,600 00
Real Estate owned by the Company,	1,151,828 59
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks, Market value	2,925,672 16
Cash in office,	157.03
Cash Deposited in Banks,	459,526.16
Interest accrued and due,	147,181.41
Net Deferred and Outstanding Premiums,	172,818.49
 Gross Assets. January 1, 1898,	 \$11,054,678.84

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest,	\$10,183,846.00
Claims by death outstanding and notified,	37,774.00
Special Reserves and other liabilities,	209,178.00
 Surplus at 4 per cent.,	 \$10,480,798.00
 Policies in force, 28,269. Increase in 1897, 2,288. Premium income, \$1,589,531. Increase in 1897, \$159,303.	 \$628,875.84

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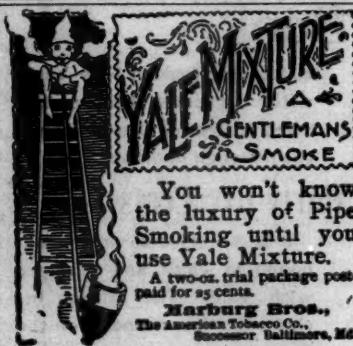
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"The Far East," with a fresh chapter upon the present situation and the question of the partition of China will also be issued. Two large editions have been sold at a high price.

The last unpublished work of Robert Louis Stevenson, "a charming bit of English literature, full of personal touches," soon to be published in *The Outlook*, a new three-penny review in London, will, it is said, be quite a revelation to some Stevenson worshippers. Mr. W. E. Henley has probably furnished *The Outlook* with the manuscript, as he has an intimate connection with the new paper.

Mr. E. S. Williamson of Toronto, Ont., proposes to issue a "Handbook of Dickensiana," if he can secure a sufficient number of subscriptions in advance to pay expenses. This brochure will include portraits and other half-tone and line illustrations, a series of pictures of the homes of Dickens, with notes, and other information, gathered from various sources. The price will not exceed 75 cents per copy.

That indefatigable educator and publisher, Prof. R. D. de la Cortina, has signaled the coming of the new year by issuing a fifth edition, thoroughly revised, considerably enlarged and appreciably improved, of his well-known text-book, "Verbos Españos." This "dictionary of Castilian conjugations" contains all the Castilian verbs, conjugated in full, with the proper prepositions appended; English equivalents are given, and the correct pronunciation indicated. A useful book is made doubly useful by a good index, and this is not lacking in the present case. Prof. Cortina's book, though issued in New York, is copyrighted in Spain and the various Spanish-American republics.



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Publications Received

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Belmont, P. Republican Responsibility for Present Currency Perils.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Bennett, W. H. and W. F. Adeney. The Bible Story. \$1.	Macmillan Co.
Biblio, The. Vol. III.	Thomas B. Mosher.
Brooke, E. Confession of Stephen Whapsharpe.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Cebets Tabula, Introduction by C. S. Jernin.	Clarendon Press.
Crooks, G. R. The Story of the Christian Church. \$3.50.	Eaton & Mains.
Davidson, John. The Bargain Theory of Wages. \$1.50.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Donalds, George. Poems of a Country Gentleman.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Dubois, J. A. Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies. Tr. by K. Beau-	Longmans, Green & Co.
champ. 2 vols.	Henry Frowde.
Farrar, F. W. The Life Story of Amer. Soc.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Foster, F. S. God. \$1.	Eaton & Mains.
Gallon, T. A Prince of Mischance. \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
"Georgian Period, The": Measured Drawings of Colonial Works. Part I.	American Architect and Building News.
Henderson, W. J. What is Good Music? \$1.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Hinsdale, B. A. Horace Mann. \$1.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Horace. Complete Works. Ed. by E. C. Wickham.	Henry Frowde.
Hubbard, Elbert. Benjamin Franklin.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Ladd, G. T. Outlines of Descriptive Psychology.	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Liliuokalani. Hawaii's Story. \$1.	Lee & Shepard.
Lock, Walter and W. Sanday. Two Lectures on the "Sayings of Jesus": Recently Discovered at Oxyrhynchus.	Henry Frowde.
Minchin, G. M. Geometry for Beginners.	Henry Frowde.
Ober, F. A. Crusoe's Island. 65c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Olson, J. E. Norwegian Grammar and Reader.	Scott, Foresman & Co.
Routledge, E. Date Book.	George Routledge & Sons.
Sacred Books of the East. Tr. and Ed. by F. Max Müller. Vols. XLIII and XLVII.	Henry Frowde.
Shakespeare's King Henry IV. Ed. by W. A. Wright.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Smith, T. C. The Liberty and Free Soil Parties. \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
Smylie, C. A. Points in Minor Tactics. \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
Spencer, H. Various Fragments. \$1.25.	Christian Literature Co.
Stanton, Elizabeth Cady. Eighty Years and More.	New York: European Pub. Co.
Struckenberg, J. H. W. Introduction to the Study of Sociology. \$1.50.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Sweet, H. First Steps in Anglo-Saxon.	Henry Frowde.
Titchener, E. B. A Primer of Psychology. \$1.	Macmillan Co.
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Declined.....	24,491,973.00
Income in 1897.....	48,572,269.53
Assets Dec. 31, 1897.....	236,876,308.04
Reserve on all existing policies (4 per cent.	
standard) and all other liabilities.....	186,333,133.20
Surplus, 4 per cent. standard.....	50,543,174.84
Paid Policy-Holders in 1897.....	21,106,314.14

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Previously issued in the Library: 1. *The History of Henry Edmund*. By Thackeray. 2. *Hypatia*. By Kingsley. 3. *Jane Eyre*. By Brontë. 4. *Wuthering Heights*. By Scott. 5. *The Last of the Barons*. By Lytton. 6. *Charles O'Malley*. By Levy. 7. *The Last Days of Pompeii*. By Lytton. 8. *Shirley*. By Brontë. 9. *Pendennis*. By Thackeray. 10. *Bob Boy*. By Scott. 11. *Vanity Fair*. By Thackeray.

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RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

For Premiums and Annuities \$6,121,945 62
For Interest, etc..... 1,524,717 84 7,646,663 46

..... \$34,343,671 06

DISBURSEMENTS:

Claims by Death..... \$1,675,999 41
Matured Endowments and
Annuities..... 344,665 44
Surrender Values..... 720,120 97
Premium Abatements..... 820,358 54

Total Paid Policy-hold-
ers..... \$2,461,304 33
Added to Reserve..... \$2,498,249 00

Taxes Paid in Penna..... \$1,021,822 22
Taxes Paid in other States..... 107,460 62
Salaries, Medical Fees, Office
and Legal Expenses..... 244,744 47
Commissions to Agents and
Rents..... 720,277 94
Agency and other Expenses..... 84,769 70
Advertising, Printing and
Supplies..... 34,101 41
Office Furniture, Maintenance
of Building, etc..... 59,056 82 \$4,913,597 50

Net Assets, Jan. 1, 1898..... \$30,929,472 56

ASSETS:

City Loans, Railroad and Water Bonds,
Bank and other Stocks..... \$9,330,242 30
Mortgages and Ground Rents (1st Liens)..... 12,971,204 40
Premium Notes, secured by Policies, etc..... 1,045,780 11
Loans on Collateral, Policy Loans, etc..... 5,075,610 34
Home Office and Real Estate, bought
under foreclosure..... 2,212,921 36
Cash in Banks, Trust Companies, and
on hand..... 282,640 05

Net Ledger Assets..... \$30,929,472 56

Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over
cost..... 250,805 16
Net Deferred and Unreported Premiums
Interest Due and Accrued, etc..... 699,966 93

328,785 61

GROSS ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1898..... \$32,218,851 25

LIABILITIES:

Death Claims reported, but
awaiting proof..... \$100,637 68
Reserve at 3% and 4 per
cent to Re-insure Risks..... 28,082,979 00
Surplus on Unreported Poli-
cies, etc..... 80,537 97
Surplus 3% and 4 per cent
basis..... 3,044,876 60 32,218,031 25

New Business of the Year; 12,770
Policies for..... \$23,656,656 00
Insurance Outstanding December 31,
1897; 59,411 Policies for..... 147,978,507 00

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